The Depth of Betrayal

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The Depth of Betrayal

by jonnimir

Summary

For Kinktober Day 8: Blood/Gore + "Hate-fucking" + Fisting

After learning of Will's betrayal in Mizumono, Hannibal ends up confronting him earlier than planned. Overwhelmed by emotions, he goes much further than he intended.

Notes

Big huge warning! This fic features rape. Not dub-con, hardcore rape. Will is not a masochist and does not enjoy it on any level. For the most part Hannibal doesn't even enjoy it. This frankly is more in the spirit of goretober than kinktober, but it's what I ended up with, because neither of them quite responded as I expected when I threw them into this situation and "hate-fucking/angry sex" just turned into "vindictive rape." But seriously, I cannot stress enough how much this veered out of the realm of kinky and into the realm of just generally horrible stuff. It does not approach these things from a sexy angle. And the point at which I realized the third possible prompt (fisting) was going to become a likely addition was the point at which I started swearing and had to take a break. It's brutal and I'm sorry.

4/5/19: I've given this a minor edit in preparation for an upcoming sequel. Nothing critical - a few extra sentences, some clarifications, adjusted some phrasing.

When Hannibal had suggested they leave that night together, leaving no bodies in their wake, he had so desperately wanted Will to see it for what it was—a chance to make amends for his deception with Freddie Lounds, to prove he was loyal after all. An offer of forgiveness. But when that offer was rejected, he knew whose side Will had chosen. If Will was uninterested in simply leaving together, and instead intent on bringing Jack into it, it must mean the two of them had been working together from the start, and all of this had been a mere ruse to capture him. The knowledge sat so heavily on his heart, he wasn't sure how he would be able to escape its weight. He had no choice but to endure it, and that was the worst part—he could not disentangle himself from Will, could not reduce these pains to mild aches. Will had hooked something inside of him, drawn it out, laid him bare, and humiliated him. He had been so foolish to trust Will, but he had been blinded by hope and awe. Will's transformation had been so dazzling, and now he wondered how much of it had simply been a deception.

He planned his next move. He had to admit, eventually, that he did not believe he was capable of simply killing Will. It was too abrupt an end to their relationship, and it seemed, frankly, too easy for the betrayal he had suffered.

But although he didn't intend to enact his plans until dinner the next day, in the morning he met with Will in his office to plan the details of the evening. And just the sight of him now was painful. The beautiful jut of his jaw, the playful curve of his lips, those sharp, stormy eyes. Drawing ever closer in intimacy, and now forever denied. His smile was pure cruelty, wrenching Hannibal's heart as Will went through the motions of caring about him. He realized then that he didn't think he could wait until that evening.

There were questions left unanswered about Will's feelings for him, and he had previously intended to explore them at a slow pace—allowing Will the time to come to terms with his own ferocity and to fully accept Hannibal's way of life, and avoiding introducing new facets into their relationship that could shift their moorings at this sensitive moment.

But now that he knew Will's feelings were a falsehood, he had nothing to lose in seeing how Will would respond when trying to maintain the façade.

When the conversation lulled, he closed the distance between them and placed his hand on Will's cheek as he had not so long ago, when marveling on his emergence from the cocoon. Watched Will's eyes flicker curiously between his. In retrospect, perhaps Will's newfound fondness of eye contact had less to do with their increased intimacy and his decreased desire to isolate himself, and more to do with the need to more deeply empathize with Hannibal so he could reflect back his every desire. In that respect, he had been almost too perfect; Hannibal should have known such a flawless embodiment of his dreams could not have been real. The thought made him tighten his jaw, and Will's brow furrowed. But he didn't ask anything, just let Hannibal's thumb pass over his cheekbone.

"We have come to a key point in our relationship, Will," Hannibal said quietly. "One undergone with care and consideration. Commitment. To reach this point our relationship has had to evolve. We are no longer simply friends having conversations, are we?"

Will shook his head very slightly, smiled just a bit. "Partners in crime."

“Partners would be the word in question, yes.”

Hannibal dragged his hand lower on Will’s jaw and stroked the underside of his lip with his thumb. Will’s eyes widened. He slowly drew away from Hannibal, though not far.

“Can’t afford distractions today, can we?” Will said. “When we have so much to plan.”

He said it as if there was something for him to get distracted by—as if he would entertain the possibility at another time. It made anger curl inside Hannibal. How far would Will have let his courtship go and still betrayed him? How could he pretend even now that he felt something other than spite for Hannibal?

“Is it better to delay the inevitable reckoning?”

Will searched his eyes. Blinked. Perhaps he recognized that there was more to this question. “Is there anything to be done about it now?” His brow furrowed deeper. “I didn’t think you would prioritize matters of the physical when we haven’t yet consummated the metaphysical.”

Hannibal huffed. If not for what he knew about Will’s loyalties now, he would be correct. He knew Hannibal too well.

“What makes you think I’m not referring to both when I speak of a reckoning?”

Will looked to the side briefly, eyes wandering in thought. “The metaphysical reckoning is less a reckoning than it is a slide. If not magnetic, then a gravitational force—my inability to escape your orbit.”

Will was speaking as if Hannibal was the one drawing him in unwillingly, when it was clearly the reverse that was true. It was Hannibal who had unwittingly fallen, losing his freedom of motion while captivated by Will’s allure. Too thoroughly ensnared to resist as they grew closer, and assuming the ensnarement was mutual.

This statement, in fact, felt like Will had spat on his face. His simmering rage built a bit too high to restrain from his features.

Will took a step back, more cautious than fearful. Hannibal stepped closer. And there—there was the slightest hint of fear, the first he had seen from Will in a long time. He was clenching his jaw, and his eyes scanned rapidly across Hannibal, trying to assess the situation.

“Tell me what’s happening, Hannibal.”

He exhaled roughly. “Can you not guess? As you know me so well as to flawlessly deceive me.”

“What deception?” Will’s eyes were fierce. A fair show of denial. “Do you think I’ve led you on?”

If not for the cold rage building in his chest, it would have been amusing that Will spoke as if referring to simply a romantic or sexual interest, when it was the entirety of their relationship

since Will's release from the BSHCI that was the lie.

"Do I need to prove something to you?" Will asked.

Hannibal felt a tremor in his chest—it was now as much hurt as rage. Yes, he thought. Prove that he was wrong, that this had all been a misunderstanding. Give him some relief from these emotions that ate at him, gnawing his bones until his entire body felt brittle.

He strode forward and captured Will by the collar when he moved to back away. But in all honesty Hannibal didn't know what he intended to do now, and that awareness made him itch, further agitating him. He didn't like this sense of wandering so astray that he could no longer navigate his own responses.

Will's breathing was fast and heavy. He licked his lips—a quick, nervous movement—and Hannibal's eyes fell on them. Will brought a hand up to Hannibal's collar in turn. Hannibal could hear the rush of blood in his ears, and thought for a moment he was hearing both of their hearts pounding in unison.

Then Will tugged Hannibal closer and planted a fierce kiss on his lips.

It was the wrong move to make.

Hannibal felt the full force of his emotions for Will—all of the passion and longing, admiration and infatuation. It was not true that he was an emotionless man, though his emotions did not necessarily manifest how and when one would normally expect them to; rather, all of his emotions had depth and resonance, but he kept them well-groomed like unruly hedges trimmed into sleek forms.

The kiss, the hunger of Will's gesture, the power and brashness of his hand on Hannibal's collar, the unwanted curl of arousal deep in Hannibal's belly—they were all too vibrant. Agonizing. Hedges shooting up from nowhere with thorns thrust skyward, too fast and wild to tame.

And Hannibal growled. Grabbed the wrist of the hand that gripped him and yanked it away, shoved Will backward so hard he stumbled.

He advanced on Will, and thought he could see the moment that his courage crumbled away. But he did nothing to extricate himself from the situation.

Hannibal grabbed Will again and shoved until his back hit the wall and he winced at the force of it, gritting his teeth.

"You used me," Hannibal growled. "You would have kept me bound to you no matter what, wouldn't you have, Will? Done whatever it took to get your revenge on me. Acted out my every desire for you, my every fantasy, and used it against me."

Will snarled and struggled against him, but Hannibal grabbed a fist of his hair and knocked his head back against the wall hard enough to daze him. He went momentarily weak in Hannibal's hand before trying again to push him away. Though dazed, he looked ferocious.

But he didn't deny it. And Hannibal snarled back at him.

"Are you so suddenly lost for words, Will? Where is your forked tongue now? Will you not defend yourself?"

Will bared his teeth at him, but it took a moment for him to respond. "Whatever you've decided about me, you've decided. Whatever I say won't make a difference, will it?"

"Not anymore." Hannibal watched the rapid movement of Will's eyes, the flare of his nose. "I let you in. I let you know me. *See* me. I gave you a rare gift, Will. But you didn't want it."

His eyes glinted. "Didn't I?"

Hannibal growled, tightened his fist. Slapped him across the face before he could process that it was because that thought felt *worse*—that Will could have genuinely wanted what Hannibal gave him, for any reason beyond the strategic, and his response once he got it was just rejection and betrayal. He felt some satisfaction once he made this strike, remembering how the scent of Freddie clinging to Will had felt like a slap to his face itself. It was only fair for Will to feel the same.

It was with a surge of self-disgust and the painful twisting of his heart that he then realized what he must do.

His hands flew down to the fly of Will's pants, tearing the button out of place and yanking the zipper down before Will knew what was happening. Will made a noise of panic, and when Hannibal reached for a hold on him again he responded with a head-butt that crashed into Hannibal's nose, making his vision go white with the shock of pain.

He reached out blindly and managed to grasp an arm. When he twisted it hard, Will cried out.

He managed to wrestle Will back against the wall, face-first, one arm still twisted at a vicious angle behind his back. When Will struck back with his free arm, Hannibal simply pushed harder at the other until Will gasped and gave in.

"You saw more of me than anyone else," Hannibal hissed. He grabbed Will's pants and jerked them down. "Accepted the gift I gave you, and violated my trust."

"I didn't want to," Will growled. "I didn't have a choice."

"You always had a choice. But now it's too late."

Hannibal lowered his own pants, pulled his cock out. He wasn't hard. Too overcome by emotions that pushed lust out of the equation.

He spat on his hand to lubricate himself, tried to stimulate himself, but it was an uphill battle. He pressed against Will's back. Smelled the crook of his neck, the heady scent of fear. Then he tore at the collar of his shirt until the top button snapped undone and the top of his shoulder was exposed, latched his teeth into his trapezoid, and bit down viciously.

Will cried out. He thrashed, and Hannibal twisted his arm further. Bit deeper, until blood began to flood his mouth and he growled into the flesh. Until he felt muscle rend and give way beneath his teeth, and Will's voice was a long cry of agony, and he could tear this morsel from the flesh.

Blood splashed over Will's shoulder and back, soaking his shirt.

He chewed the piece he had garnered, while Will gasped and shook. Hannibal closed his eyes in appreciation as he savored the full flavor on his palate, and finally swallowed. Of all the possible ways to consume Will, this was one of the most intimate. Raw. Bloody. Though somewhat bitter.

And he thought of Will's comment: *The meat is bitter about being dead*. And Hannibal's delight at his unexpected playfulness. The joy that filled him at being able to share that specific experience with Will. He gritted his teeth. He was teeming with emotions that he could barely even name—they just spiked, bristled, suffocated him. Carved him out until he was raw and empty, and his eyes grew damp.

"I wish it hadn't come to this, Will," he said in a low voice. "Why did you have to force my hand?"

Will was shivering, and Hannibal wasn't sure he'd be able to answer.

"Guilt," he finally choked out. "Abigail. Bev. Couldn't… couldn't betray them. Couldn't live with myself."

"Abigail is alive." And something broke within him at this simple statement, a reveal that he had hoped to make under much happier circumstances. He had wanted to see him thrilled and genuinely smiling. Would it have made a difference if he had spoken earlier, truly? Was that all that had made Will's loyalty to him so shallow?

"W-what?"

"I faked her death. I was going to tell you when the time came to leave. We were going to leave together, all of us."

Will had no response to this, only shuddering breaths.

No, he decided. If Will's loyalty to him hinged entirely on the presence of another, it was not true loyalty. And he had his chance already. Hannibal was loathe to offer a second based only on suppositions.

Nevertheless, it hurt. At this rate Hannibal would never get hard enough to penetrate him. The disappointment stung. Not that he savored the idea of the barbarity of it, but it was the last opportunity he had. His final farewell.

And he felt tarnished inside. Like Will had wormed his way into Hannibal's depths and poisoned some dark corner of his self, and all that blight could do was spread, twist him in all sorts of terrible ways and leave him a shell. He had to leave Will feeling the same way.

He rocked himself into the cleft of Will's ass, a last attempt. Will tensed further, and he could feel a twitch from the hole he intended to violate. But it was to no avail.

He groaned into Will's neck, bit him again, though not nearly so deep. Only a trickle of blood fell this time.

He had kept a knife in his pocket as a precaution, the one he had intended to use later that night. He considered holding it to Will's neck to make sure he remained still, but it occurred to him that at a certain point, Will might prefer the simple sting of the knife. He simply wrapped one hand around Will's throat, a less lethal threat.

He licked his fingers—some lubrication would help him get inside.

Pressed them against Will's entrance.

Will whimpered. "H-Hannibal…"

Hannibal tightened his grip and pressed his forehead against Will. "I'm sorry, my love," he said, because he knew that the emotion that tore at him so terribly couldn't be anything else. It was a choked, whispered confession, with his eyes squeezed tight and heavy with dampness—for it was too late, now, for this revelation to mean anything of worth. And he knew he had to force that emotion out of himself, allowing it no sway over his actions. He had to have enough control to reject it, along with the bile that he tasted in this moment. "You brought me to this point."

And he forced the first finger into Will.

It was already plenty tight, he realized, without adding further girth. Will was clenched up, doubtless still in pain from the bite Hannibal took out of him. But Hannibal did not hesitate in adding the second, though he had to push relentlessly to force the tight coil of muscle to accept it. He pushed them both up to his knuckles, and it wasn't enough, not nearly, but Will still gasped raggedly, shook beneath him.

A third, then. The first two had to struggle to pry Will far enough open to let it in, but then he was merciless as he shoved them all in deep, withdrew, pressed again. Will sounded broken—the sounds he was making were disjointed, gasps and whimpers—and tremors raced over his back. Hannibal could feel the friction even on the pads of his fingers, and it must have been very painful for Will. Though not, perhaps, as painful as the chunk now missing from his shoulder.

He imagined it was his cock inside of Will instead of his fingers. That he could penetrate more deeply and intimately, regardless of how disconnected they were in this moment—executioner and condemned, even though this was not, could *not* be, Will's end. Will would survive him, but he would never be the same again. They would be living mirrors of each other's wounds.

He stretched his fingers inside Will, fighting against the desperate clench of his sphincter. "You will take more of me," he said, words pressed to the back of Will's neck. "I will make a

place for myself in you just as you did in me, and you will feel what it felt like when that place became an abscess of pain."

The angle was awkward. He withdrew, pulled Will's hips back and pressed down on his neck until he was bent with his arms braced against the wall. Will made no attempt to draw away even now.

"I'm s-sorry," Will choked out.

"I'm sure you are very sorry," Hannibal said bitterly. "Had you known this awaited you, perhaps you would have rethought your plan."

"N-not what I m—" He broke off into a sob. Hannibal had forced his fingers back in, and added a fourth.

Hannibal breathed in the smell of Will's sweat. Fear, pain. It felt like righteousness.

From this angle, Hannibal could see his fingers disappearing into Will, his rim stretched raw and red around them. They curled experimentally inside Will, and he felt the first true stirrings of arousal as he explored this channel, pressing and kneading at the walls. When he pulled them out slightly, they were stained with blood. He pressed in again, found Will's prostate, and pushed vindictively hard against it, making Will keen. It occurred to him he could milk Will's prostrate even though he would clearly not come in this state, his cock hanging limply between shaking legs—but it was too close a shadow of what they could have had in another universe.

Hannibal twisted the angle of his wrist, pressed in until his knuckles lay against Will's rim. Paused, seeing how severely the breadth of his hand distorted Will.

He wondered what the point would be of stopping now. To go easier on Will? To avoid things getting messier? There was no sense in choosing now to be the time to be merciful, and he wasn't starting out clean. Wasn't sure physical filth would much worsen his state of mine.

So he twisted his hand. Worked his broad knuckles in. Listened to Will sob in pain, watched as his hole tore and grew bloody around its rim. There was something almost meditative about the process of working them in where they were clearly too big to fit, and having Will spasming around him. His quiet, choked noises. The shaking of his thighs. It made his more unruly emotions ebb until they were mere murmurs in his mind, replaced with a more clinical focus. And with those emotions muted, he was able to appreciate more of what he saw: the beauty of a human body trembling when pushed to its limit of pain, Will's futile attempt to hold in his sounds of distress, the taste of blood still in his mouth, the awareness of how fully and deeply he was now embedded in Will, and how terrible a wreck he would leave in his wake.

And slowly, Hannibal began to feel more than just trace of arousal. His knuckles sank in, leaving only his thumb protruding, jutting up toward Will's spine. He could see Will's ass swallowing up his sizable hand, and every push and flex of it pulled a reaction from Will, whether small muscular twitches or vocalizations.

He used his free hand to stimulate himself until he was sure he would be able to penetrate him.

He drew his hand out slowly—Will's entire body convulsed when his knuckles again grated against his opening—and drew out his pocket square to clean off his hand. He couldn't bring himself to care about its loss.

Will was left with his hole gaping, and stayed anchored in place, leaning against the wall, even when both of Hannibal's hands had left him.

Hannibal knew what came next. It would be the one part of his previous plan left intact—because while this process had been cathartic, and the wound on his shoulder would certainly scar, he was attached to the idea. And perhaps, he thought, because he did not want his legacy to be reduced to crude sexual assault. It felt somehow better for it to accompany a disembowelment.

If Will was going to survive it, Hannibal was going to need to call an ambulance in advance. So he did, giving the bare minimum of information before cutting the call short. It would also give him a time limit so he didn't get caught up in sentiment. He would have to flee immediately.

Then he turned Will around, needing the right angle to do this with true surgical precision, and drew the knife from his pocket. Will's eyes were closed and he was pallid, and non-responsive when Hannibal lifted his shirt to reveal his abdomen.

He made no ceremony of it. Quite clinical as the blade tore into skin and across his gut, causing blood to rush out. Will groaned and his face spasmed, but was not much more reactive to it than he was to the prior abuse. He had already passed a certain threshold of pain.

Hannibal lifted one of Will's arms and bent it, placing it firmly against his stomach.

"You may wish to hold your guts in place," he said. "I anticipate this will aggravate the area more than I previously intended when I planned this incision for you."

He was aware of his emotions falling back into place now that his goal had nearly been accomplished. He felt exhausted and wrung-out, but dimly satisfied.

Hannibal turned him again, and Will went easily, puppet-like in his weakness. Hannibal aligned himself with Will's hole, which still had not fully closed—unfortunate, if he was considering the perspective of sensation, but he would work with what he had. He made sure to get a head start in his hand so he could be done before the ambulance arrived.

He pushed his cock into Will with considerably less effort than it should have taken. His intestine was slick with blood and wrenching as Will's abdomen contracted in pain.

He fucked him without passion. He only did so in the first place because of the part of his brain that was still latched onto the idea, still clinging to it even as the accompanying

emotions had dimmed. The emotions that remained were badly twisted out of shape, unrecognizable. He was left with just the physical sensations.

Will's hand fell away from his stomach—too weak, perhaps—and Hannibal replaced it with his own. The liquid gushed hot over his hand with each thrust, and there was some level of satisfaction at how it felt to fuck it out of him. For his thrusts to be brutal enough to cause disturbance on the other side. Will was making sounds with each, whimpers, grunts, gasps that morphed into sobs. Hannibal snapped his hips increasingly quickly and Will's head thrashed to the side, and Hannibal saw how thick the shine of tears on his face had become.

He came deep inside Will with a grunt. When he slipped out, a white trickle quickly followed him, streaked pink with blood. The sphincter was too loose to keep it in.

Then he took Will by the shoulders, backed him up, and lay him down on the floor.

Will gasped and trembled, and his hands hugged tight around his abdomen. Hannibal left his hands for a short while longer on Will's shaking body, reluctant for this touch to be their last. He felt his clammy, tear-dampened cheek, so starkly different from how it had felt earlier this day when Will was warm and his eyes still sharp. But it would not do to linger now. He stood up.

"The ambulance will be here for you soon," he said flatly. "You will survive what I've done to you."

He began to walk away, but felt a weak tap against his ankle, and looked down to see Will reaching blindly for a grasp on him. His eyes were shut tightly and his other hand was still tightly wound around his stomach.

"D-don't leave me like this," he said. "Please."

Hannibal felt something clench deep inside him at the sight. Something unpleasant. He pushed it away, but found his brain whirring nevertheless, trying to figure out what was happening in Will's mind—what spark of madness or desperation had made its way into the open.

He closed his eyes, and exhaled to release those intrusive thoughts.

"If you truly wish to, you will know where to find me."

And he left, Will making no further protest.

Hannibal wondered what he would do with Abigail when he got home. His plans had been thrown off entirely by this abrupt change. Initially he had planned for Abigail to die—they were no family without Will. And yet…

He thought of Will's tear-stained face and how he had reached out to him to beg him to stay—Hannibal, the very monster who had gutted and raped him. Reaching out for what, comfort? Surely not. It fell too far out of alignment with his expectations.

He thought of Palermo, the place where Will would know how to find him. Wondered if Will would ever want to. *Could* ever want to.

If he did, it would not be an easy path, and both Will and Abigail might yet die depending on what would happen next. But he thought, perhaps, he would be willing to wait and see. He dearly wanted to know if Will was so self-destructive, or unexpectedly devoted enough, as to still seek him out after all that.

Remembering the desperation in his voice as he begged him to stay, Hannibal thought he probably was.

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